

S A R A H,
THE
Q U A K E R,
TO
L O T H A R I O,
L A T E L Y D E C E A S E D,
On Meeting Him in the
S H A D E S.

—*Love bad, like the canker Worm,
Consum'd her early Prime:
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.*

L O N D O N:

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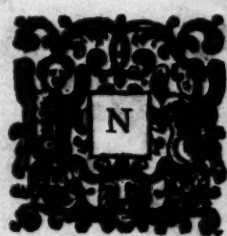
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S A R A H,
 T H E
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O Respite from my Tortures can I have?
 And last my Passions still beyond the Grave?
 What, cannot Death my Life's Misfortunes blot?
 And have I still the baneful Curse of Thought?
 Around this dreary Mansion do I rove,
 A wretched Martyr in the Cause of Love?
 Change where I will, for ever must I find
 The cruel, false *Lothario* haunt my Mind?
 Death is by most esteem'd the End of Pain,
 But I each Hour am *murther'd* o'er again:

A thousand various Pangs my Bosom tear;
Love, Fondness, Hate, Resentment and Despair.

Can Heav'n my black *Betrayer's* Crimes forgive,
And let him still in guilty Triumph live?
In lawless Pleasures does he still proceed?
And rolls the *Thunder* harmless o'er his Head?
Does he persist to be as Base, as Great,
And not one Sting of Conscience urge his Fate?
Does he his vile Success, a Pattern show,
To tempt more Brutes to plot fond Woman's Woe?
Age sure at last must force him to give o'er,
And tho' he keeps the Will, abate the Pow'r.

Oh could I here behold his Traytor *Shade*!
And Face to Face his Perfidy upbraid!
What vengeful Transports in my Soul would rise,
To see *him* in *his* Turn, *my* Sacrifice!
To see him shudder at each Wrong I tell,
And make him wish in vain a lesser Hell!

Hah! whence, with this new Chillness do I quake!
Why with a more than usual Horror shake?
What do I see? Has Heav'n then heard my Pray'r?
And can it, can it be?—*Lothario*, There!

'Tis He, 'tis He; all trembling and aghast,
 He's come to give my Wrongs Revenge at last.
 Too well I know him, by the Brow he wears,
 Of Hate, Confusion, Shame, and Villain's Fears.
 In vain his Guilt attempts to shun my Eye;
 From my Reproach he cannot, shall not fly;
 On *Earth*, his Crimes his *Eloquence* might clear;
 I'll be Accuser, Judge and Jury, *Here*.

' At length, perfidious Monster! do we meet?
 ' And is my wish'd Revenge at length compleat?
 ' Do I at length the proud *Lotbario* see,
 ' As fall'n, as wretched, and as wan as Me?
 ' Thou dar'st not surely at thy Stars repine,
 ' Or think thy Fate untimely;—What was *Mine*?
 ' Now more than twice ten Years, by Thee betray'd,
 ' Here have I wander'd, a dejected *Sshade*;
 ' In all the Bloom of tempting Youth I fell,
 ' And knew no Crime, but that I lov'd too well;
 ' I lov'd a Traitor, who, with barb'rous Art,
 ' First labour'd to seduce, then broke my Heart.
 ' Weak, and unknowing of Mankind's Deceit,
 ' You vow'd,—and I believ'd the fatal Cheat;
 ' All the base counterfeited Sighs you drew,
 ' My Bosom pitied, and return'd with True,

' Regardless to my Friends, or Kindred's Call,
 ' I thought, in Thee that I enjoy'd them all.
 ' Did I, to hear and to indulge thy Flame,
 ' The rigid Strictness of my *Seet* disclaim?
 ' From all my *pious Principles* depart,
 ' And take thy *looser Doctrines* to my Heart?
 ' To bless thy Wishes, did I yield my Charms,
 ' And lose my Fame and Virtue in thy Arms?
 ' Did I bid all I stak'd, securely rest
 ' On the sworn Truth and Honour of thy Breast?
 ' Fool that I was! I found my Error soon,
 ' That *you* was perjur'd, and *myself* undone.

' Why with such Ease was I thy Victim made?
 ' Nor ask'd, what former Feats thy *Worth* display'd?
 ' Why was I, e'er thy Vows my Heart did win,
 ' A Stranger to thy early, darling Sin,
 ' Thy Bent to Fraud? When *scorb'd* with lawless Love,
 ' Thy Friendship did thy *Brother's* Pains remove,
 ' Propos'd an easy Method to Success,
 ' Usurping, (generous Wile,) the *Priestly* Dress,
 ' Turn'd his *forc'd Nuptials* to a Masquerade,
 ' And cheated to his Arms the *scrup'lous Maid*?
 ' This Earlier had I known, *Louisa's* Fate,
 ' Where Ill I plac'd my Love, had taught me Hate.

' But

' But still I knew (had I been wife) Enough,
 ' To keep 'gainst all thy Arts my Bosom Proof.
 ' I knew, for poultry Bribes, thy venal *Tongue*,
 ' In *Law* Deceptions had been practis'd, young;
 ' And that thy great, but guilty Talents made,
 ' By puzzling *Right and Wrong*, a gainful Trade.
 ' And did I doubt, whose *Tongue* such Work would do,
 ' Would scruple to *let out* his *Conscience* too?
 ' Yet, did my evil Destiny prevail,
 ' And in thy Favour, yet I turn'd the Scale,
 ' Permitted Thee my Bosom to ensnare,
 ' And trusted all my *Fortune* to thy Care.

' But This is arguing o'er my Griefs, too cool.
 ' *What Bounds shall injur'd Woman's Fury rule?*
 ' Let raging Winds, and high tempestuous Seas
 ' Roar for a while, then soften into Peace;
 ' They've Seasons mark'd for *Uproar* and for *Rest*;
 ' But 'tis not, 'tis not so with *Sarah's* Breast.
 ' Here, Traytor, faithless Villain, shalt thou find
 ' With one continued Tumult boils my Mind.
 ' What Terms can Language yield to shock thy Ear?
 ' *Wretch! Monster! Coward! Ruffian! Murderer!*
 ' Thou dar'st not think thou feel'st enough Distress,
 ' To ask my Pity to reproach Thee less.

' The

' The Insults you on *Earth* vouchsaf'd my Pain,
 ' I'll *Here* with *Int'rest* pay Thee back again.
 ' 'Twas *There* Thy Pride to work poor *Sarab's* Woe,
 ' And now, 'tis *Her's*, to be *thy* Curse below.

' See *Dido* 'midst the wretched Throng repine,
 ' Whose only cruel Lot can equal mine!
 ' Companions in Revenge and in Despair,
 ' One Fate we suffer, and one Anguish share,
 ' The base, ungrateful *Trojan* is *her* Theme;
 ' *She* to the *Ponyard* points, and *I* the *Stream*.

' Ha! do'st thou turn, at that last Sound, aside?
 ' And would'st thou labour conscious Guilt to hide?
 ' Does it then sting Thee?—Nay, Thou can'st not fly,
 ' At least, so far, but I'll be quickly nigh;
 ' With my Revenge thy tortur'd Ears pursue,
 ' And the same Musick ev'ry Hour renew.

F I N I S.



